

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 22.

MONTREAL, JUNE 2, 1899.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Worn-Out Clog.

(By W. F. Elmes.)

It happened in a town on the banks of the Mersey. We were in the midst of a revival. For several nights our Mission Hall was crowded with numbers of working men.

On one of these nights a rough-bearded, unkempt specimen of humanity mounted the stairs and entered the mission-room. He was in his shirt sleeves, rolled up beyond his elbows; a fine picture of muscular power and solid strength. A friend standing near whispered, 'Here comes Billy Rowles. Thank God!' At the bottom of the hall he stood with folded arms, glaring defiantly at me as

of a whispered prayer from some brother, and the words came to us, 'Lord, save him,' and our faith grew stronger until, with almost absolute certainty, we felt that the Lord had sealed poor Billy for His own.

Towards the close of the meeting a change in Billy was clearly perceptible. The strong man was visibly trembling. His emotions had fairly mastered him. As we knelt in prayer at the close, down on his knees he fell; and a few minutes thereafter I was urging him to yield his heart to God. He clutched my arm in his great horny hand, and said—'Not now—not to-night. I shall be saved, and then I shall stand by your side for Christ.'

I saw the look of determination in his

witness. His testimony was simply grand! I hope to meet him by and by in heaven.

A few weeks after this wonderful change had taken place, at a Sunday service, in a large hall, where over a thousand persons were present, I called on Billy to testify to the grace of God. Twelve years have passed since that first testimony was given, but those who were present can never forget it.

Billy stood beside me on the platform, and told with such graphic description how a mother's prayers followed him all through those weary years of drink and dissipation, and how the Lord had met him and saved his soul. Many were in tears. All knew the man. But the climax was reached when he told how he had starved his wife and bairns to obtain drink; and pulling from one of his pockets a child's clog, with the wooden sole completely worn through, he said—

'Here, friends, don't you think it was time I got converted? That was one of my children's clogs before I gave my heart to God.' And throwing it into the middle of the hall, he said, 'Look at it, friends.'

Billy was employed in unloading barges, and after his conversion had much persecution from his work-mates; so he always carried that clog with him as an unanswerable argument, to the change wrought in his heart and life, and would point with pleasure to his well-clothed children, proving that 'godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

Some months after, when I left the town for the south of England, Billy was holding on his way rejoicing. He had joined a building society, and one day he asked me to take a walk with him. I went, and reaching the outskirts of the town, he pointed with pleasure to three nearly-completed neat cottages, saying—

'See what God has done for me. I am going to live in this end one, and let the other two.'

Reader, Jesus lives to-day, and is as able to 'save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.' If you are bound by the chain of evil habit and sin, and if you feel helpless in the grip of the enemy, flee to Jesus, for He is 'mighty to save,' even now. —'British Messenger.'

Reverence For Life.

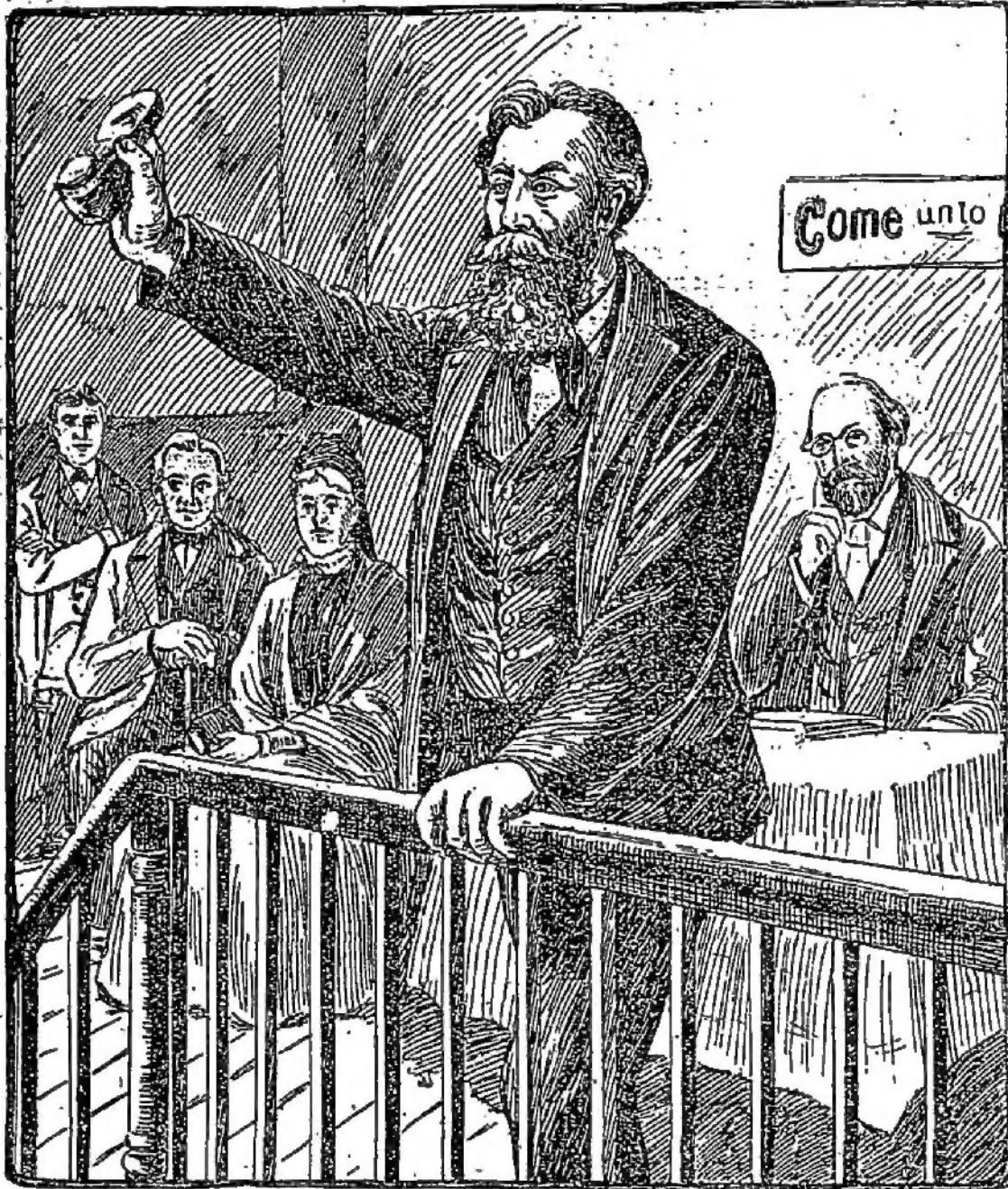
AN UNUSUAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

(By Junata Stafford.)

There is one very valuable lesson that can be taught to Sunday-school classes that is very seldom thought of: a reverence for life. I do not mean human life alone, but all life.

When one considers the matter in a reverential way, it seems strange that there should exist so universal an aversion to what we call the lower forms of life—bugs, beetles, caterpillars, snails, moths, and worms. Why do people so usually shudder and squirm when these creatures are mentioned or appear? Because they have not been taught a proper interest in, or reverence for, the principle of life, in its varied forms of expression.

Children who have been made familiar



THE WORN-OUT CLOG.

I told in simple language the story of the love of Christ for sinners. Every moment I expected some interruption. He was the child of many prayers. His mother, a respected member of the Methodist Church, had prayed for Billy's conversion for many years. His brother, a local preacher, had wrestled with God for him, but up till this moment he had resisted all efforts for his salvation. Even now, while I was speaking, one could feel the blessed, subtle influence of real, earnest prayer going up to Heaven for the prodigal so steeped in sin and drink.

Now and then one could catch the sound

eyes, and knew that it was useless to urge him further; so with a whispered prayer I left him in God's hands, and passed on to another seeker after salvation.

Two nights thereafter Billy again appeared. At the close he voluntarily came forward, and asked the prayers of believers, saying, 'I have come to give myself to Christ.' There he fell upon his knees, and received from God the blessings of pardon and peace, through believing.

It was a clear, definite case of conversion. His mother's prayers were fully answered. He became one of the most zealous workers for God that it has ever been my joy to

with these little creatures do not shudder, do not feel disgust, do not suffer needless fear, and are not cruel. They go through life with a broader interest, a kinder heart, a more observing eye, a keener enjoyment of simple surroundings, and a higher idea of the laws of existence and the right of living.

Just here comes the practical question:—How can it be taught? Taking it for granted that, before you teach it to others, you will teach it to yourself I will try and make a few practical suggestions.

A good subject to begin on is a caterpillar, if it summer time. Take a pasteboard box, and perforate it with many holes,—small, of course, but many. If the caterpillar is of good size, probably he is almost ready to go into the chrysalid or cocoon state, according as he is to be a butterfly or a moth. Put into the box some of the same kind of leaves as those you found him feeding upon. Take the box to Sunday-school. It will not hurt discipline, at all, I can assure you, to use this as a supplementary lesson. Let the children look well at your caterpillar. Point out the beautiful markings, explain his motions, the suckers on his feet, and what parts these feet represent in the perfect state; show how he eats, and what; tell how rapidly he grows after being hatched from the egg, how he bursts his tightened skin four times before he reaches his full size, and that he must undergo a more wondrous change still before he is perfect. The greater your knowledge, the more you can tell, and the better you will tell it. You will find eager listeners. I think I should introduce few, if any, moral deductions. Let it simply be a nature lesson, almost distinct from their idea of a Sunday-school lesson.

After it, take your box home; or, if you have a trusty pupil, let him take it home, and see that fresh leaves are put into the box each day until the change comes. Caution against any handling of your caterpillar, lest it sicken and die. Probably it will be only a day or two before it spins its cocoon, or makes its hard 'house.'

Then it must come to school again. The lesson upon it can be made a reward for the regular lesson well learned, if necessary. You will find the reward earned, I think. If possible, if it can be safely done, I would now leave the box in the schoolroom, so that it may be quiet, and not endanger the little creature's life, by moving it about. Remember to keep the reverence for the life ever before the mind. The days, possibly the weeks, of waiting for the opening of chrysalid or cocoon, will not hurt the children. In the meantime, some other object can be brought in.

You will find growing upon yourself an interest you never felt before,—a willingness to search for, watch, handle, know, the things about you. Time and practice will enable you to enjoy even angle-worms and snails, to say nothing of ants, beetles, 'darning-needles,' 'measure-worms,' and the countless other things about you.

Think what an advance you will have made in your class when one of your pupils brings you a beetle, or a worm, and asks you to tell about it, instead of putting his foot upon it as he came along; and what it means when the children search for and watch the habits of these humbler creatures.

I have never known this kind of Sunday-school lesson to fail.—S.S. Times.

A young man in China had become a Christian while living in a distant city. A younger brother went to him, fully intending to win him back from Christianity, or, failing this, to kill him; but he was himself won to the truth. 'I did not know,' he said, 'that the doctrine was so good. Now, I will stay on here and study the Holy Book.'

The Inner-Prayer Circle.

(The Standard.)

Many pastors and churches can recall blessed experiences resulting from the special gathering of a few prayer-laden souls, in times of spiritual or temporal emergency. But why should we not learn the lesson, and utilize it more generally, in stated meetings of the elect who love to pray? Opportunity may be made as fruitful for good, as it is, alas, so often for evil; and if proper attention were given to this matter, the writer believes that untold blessings would flow from it.

There are always some in every church who are interested in a particular department of Christian work. Commit to one of these the responsibility of leadership, and then arrange so that those for instance, who feel burdened for the pastor and the Lord's day services, may meet for fifteen minutes before morning service to pour out their hearts in prayer for these objects. So with regard to the Sunday-school; give fifteen minutes' opportunity at the close of the session to prayer for the scholars and the work. If the pastor meets inquirers weekly, let there be an opportunity given to those who are anxious for souls to meet and pray; and so on through the whole work of the church, let the power of special prayer be utilized to lift it up to a higher plane and draw down promised blessings from above.

The thing chiefly to be remembered about this plan is that since it simply proposes to use volunteer methods and afford opportunity to those who love to pray, many objections that would ordinarily suggest themselves may be left out of consideration. At such gatherings there would be no discouragement from paucity of numbers—two or three would always make a full meeting—but rather would prayer become more particular and earnest in the fellowship of kindred minds and under the consciousness of being 'apart with God.'

God's Care.

(Mrs. M. B. Fuller in 'Christian Alliance'.)

'Roll thy way upon the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.' Ps. xxxvii., 5 (marginal reading).

While my husband and I were recently travelling in South India we frequently saw by the roadside two stone posts about five or five and a half feet high and across the top of them was laid a third stone horizontally. Our curiosity was aroused as to the meaning of these, though we half guessed what they were. We were told that they were rests for travellers and coolies to lay their burdens upon. You know burdens are borne upon their heads in this land, and when a coolie with a heavy load is alone if he puts it down on the ground to rest a bit he cannot lift it up himself, but must have some friendly caste man, or some one not afraid of a touch of defilement, to help him lift it to his head. But such a friend is not always to be found by the lonely traveller. These rests are about the height of an ordinary man, and all a weary coolie or man or woman has to do is to go up to it, roll his burden upon it and rest. When he is ready to go on his journey he rolls it back upon his head and goes forward. I then remembered something I had read years ago of a native Christian saying, as he thus rested a heavy load: 'Christ is the resting place for all my heart burdens.'

Time went on, scenes changed and we were back in our old familiar surroundings and work again. Heavy cares and burdens began to come upon us. One night I could not sleep. I felt I could not endure the heavy care and burden that was then upon me.

The night wore on, as I tossed restlessly to and fro upon my bed. Suddenly the Spirit brought to memory like a picture one of those stone resting-places, and the words came 'Roll thy way upon the Lord.' I immediately received the message, and no coolie ever placed a heavy load on a stone-rest any more thoroughly than I did my burden upon the Lord. I understood what these words meant. I saw how to do it. Great peace filled my heart and I turned over and went to sleep like a child. For days afterwards as cares came this lesson was repeated over and over. And it was so tenderly and patiently done by the Master. I saw that to roll a burden upon the Lord meant that I got entirely rid of it and that the enemy makes us take up burdens again. I saw the result of it would be peace and quiet. How pitiful the sight of a Christian who keeps saying with his lips, 'Oh, I have given it all to the Lord,' when his restlessness and chafing contradict what his lips say. How quickly he resents any suggestion to commit the matter to the Lord. Dear heart, if you have rolled it upon the Lord, you should feel as free and light as that coolie did who rolled his burden on that stone-rest. It means a complete transfer. The burden cannot be upon you and upon the Lord at the same time any more than the burden could be upon the coolie's head and the stone-rest at the same time. As it to woo us to do it, he tenderly adds a reason why we should: I. Pet. v., 7: 'Casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you.' Wonderful line! 'Because he careth for you.'

Anxiety, care, fret and worry, even if it is over God's work and the native Christians, hurts more missionaries than the climate. How like a bit of heaven is the atmosphere about the child of God who has no care! Let us do it. 'Roll thy way upon the Lord . . . and he shall bring it to pass.'

Love's Lesson.

(By Cora Stuart Wheeler.)

Two bees on a wildwood flower hung,
'Buzz, buzz!' hummed both fat bees,
While up in the forest a robin sung
All in the early dew.
'Why do you sing the hours away?
'Buzz, buzz!' hummed both fat bees,
'Why are you toiling all the day?'
Sang robin, 'Wirree, wirroo!'

The bees were filling their honey-bags,
'Buzz, buzz!' 'Tis easy to see,
They said, with wise little nods and wags,
'We toil who cannot sing.'
'To be sure,' sang robin. 'Wirree, wirroo!
That answer will do for me,
Since each was made one thing to do,
So we always do that thing.'

'You could not hold in all your throat
One of my trills: Wirroo, wirree!
And not a pocket in my coat
But honey would leak through.'
'Buzz, buzz!' the bees flew near,
And began to build in the robin's tree
Cells of wax as cool and clear
As drops of morning dew.

They builded high, and builded wide,
'Buzz, buzz!' 'Twas pretty to view;
While robin merrily sung beside
As the hours flew along.
The comb was full when he closed his strain,
'There,' buzzed the bees, 'that's all for you.'

Then robin tasted, and said quite plain,
'Sweet, sweet, sweet,' in song.

Each had given the thing he knew
To help the other his best to do.
—S. S. Times.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How About the 'Hereafter'?

The question was asked in a railway carriage. A tall dark man had entered the compartment, a foreigner evidently, but of refined and gentlemanly bearing. Some general conversation ensued with the other occupants. He told them that he was from India, that he had come over for the Queen of England's Jubilee, and that now he was travelling about to see all he could of the country before returning home.

His talk was so pleasant and his smile so genial that the traveller sitting opposite felt much attracted to him. At last, the other occupants having left the carriage she hazarded the inquiry, 'Are you a Christian?'

'No, madam,' was the reply, 'I am a Parsee.'

'A Parsee!—ah, the old Persian fire-wor-

see is complete in himself, and all we ask is, not to be interfered with.'

And now the traveller asked the question at the head of this article.

'How about the "hereafter"? Supposing from what you say you were all right for this world, what prospects have you for that which is to come?'

Then a shade came over the stranger's face, the smile turned to a sigh, and shaking his head and holding up his hands, he responded—

'The other world? Madam, we do not know, we cannot know, we leave it out of our thoughts.'

'Oh, sir,' said the traveller, earnestly, 'don't you see the advantage that we Christians have over you? We know where we are going when we leave this world; there

A Thistle Tea Party!

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan.)

'Well, mother, now that I have gone into the thing, I can't very well draw out. I'll have to do it this time.'

'No, Charley,' said his mother, 'I cannot consent to your doing a single time, what I know to be wrong.'

It seemed an unequal contest, the big, strong, persistent boy, and the gentle little woman opposing him; but a mother with right on her side is hard to defeat.

The 'fellows' of the freshman class, so Charley had just told Mrs. Wickham, had a bet up on the next game of football; it was to be the last of the season, and if the Redcliffs won, half the class had agreed to give the rest an oyster supper; if the Redcliffs lost, it was to be vice versa.

'There is the spirit of gambling in that, Charley,' Mrs. Wickham said, 'and a more cruel and dangerous spirit never existed.'

'Cruel?' questioned the boy, doubtfully.

'Yes, certainly; I saw only yesterday some statistics from the criminal courts, showing that the most hardened and hopeless wretches that came to trial were gamblers; and it is said they furnish more suicides than any other class.'

'To hear you talk, mother,' fretted the collegian, 'one would think I was proposing a baccarat party.'

'That was a rather grisly tone to talk about your oyster supper, Charley,' she answered, smiling, 'and I see your difficulty. I'll tell you what we'll do. Please say to the class that whether Redcliff wins or loses, they are invited to tea with me that evening. It will be something nice, I promise you.'

The boy's face cleared at once, and the little mother had won the day.

I am not sure whether the Redcliffs lost or won; but my little story lies in a different direction, and fetches up in Mrs. Wickham's pretty supper room, on the night of the 14th. The freshmen are all there, wearing the college colors, and in high, good humor. The room is full of small tables, grouped around the stand that holds the tea-tray, where Mrs. Wickham presides, within speaking distance of all her guests.

Charley is greatly pleased with the dainty style of everything, the pretty embroideries, the decorated china, the golden brown of the fried oysters, the crispness of the muffins; he is secretly saying to himself that his little mother is a brick when he hears a question from one of the far tables.

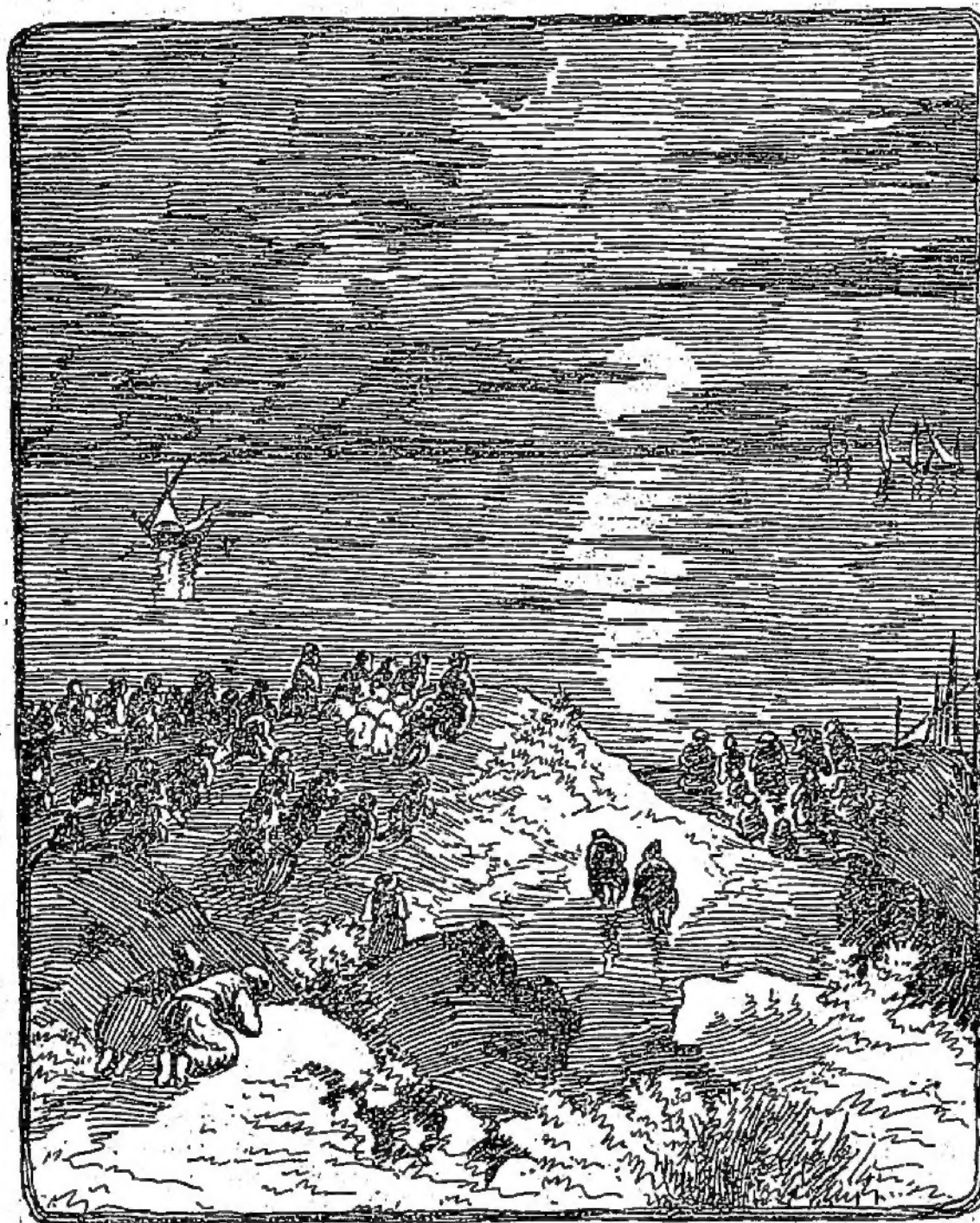
'Mrs. Wickham, what is the symbolic meaning of these pretty favors?' He was holding up a clever imitation of a thistle bloom, made of tissue paper, or some such fabric; there was one at every plate.

'That's an introduction to a speech I am going to make you, presently,' said the hostess, 'after I have coaxed you to drink up all my tea and chocolate.'

'Oh a speech!' 'Fine!' 'Good for you, ma'am!' cried the boys, while Charley nearly dropped his painted cup and saucer; what had struck his quiet little mother?

Every few minutes after this somebody called for the speech, but Mrs. Wickham put them off until the last saucer of ice-cream had been handed; and then, leaning her elbow on the tea-tray, and trying not to let her voice tremble, she told them why she had interfered with their plan.

She had many solemn facts at her tongue's end, this wise little woman, to show the awful danger of the gambling spirit, and then, with an effort that sent the color from



SUN WORSHIP.

shippers. And you worship the sun—the moon too, do you not?'

'No, we adore some great unknown being, of whom fire and the sun are the symbols.'

'And are you satisfied?' asked the traveller, doubtfully.

'Perfectly, madam,' replied the Parsee. 'We lead good lives, we never lie, or steal, if we see anybody in want we supply their need. Though we are but a small body—only about seventy thousand, scattered over India—we all live by the same rule, and nothing can be laid against us.'

'This is excellent, so far; but, ah, my friend, what do you do when your hearts hinder you from being "good"? We find this, and then our religion helps us.'

'We want none of your religion,' returned the other, in a more severe tone. 'A Par-

is no peradventure about our "hereafter"—it is a certainty, and a bright one; and all our days we can look forward to the home which our Lord Jesus Christ has purchased.

The Parsee shook his head, too self-sufficient for even the thought of the Christians' hope to attract him; and then he turned the conversation into another channel.

Oh, it is indeed sad and dreary to think not only of these 70,000 Parsees but of the millions of heathen who die in darkness, knowing nothing of a blessed hereafter. Let it quicken our thoughts, our prayers, our efforts to send to them that light of the Gospel which not only makes life brighter, but reveals a heaven. For it is only those that have Christ's salvation who can say 'to die is gain.'—Friendly Greetings.'

her face, she mentioned a case that had come close to her:

"He was my own cousin, boys, a dear, handsome fellow, who went to college an innocent boy, from a lovely home. He was a pretty satisfactory student, but he learned to amuse himself by taking small risks at chance affairs, and the taste grew and strengthened frightfully fast.

"The last time I saw him, he came to tell me of a piece of good fortune that had come to him. He had brought his wife and little children to bitter poverty by his gambling, and for years she had supported the family by sewing. Ned really seemed repentant and for a few months had kept away from temptation and had tried honestly to work.

"Just about that time an aunt of his wife's died, leaving her ten thousand dollars. "Now, Ned," I said to him; "do go and get that money put out of your reach; don't trust yourself with it." "You surely don't think I would steal Fan's money?" he answered indignantly.

"Boys, twenty-four hours later, the money was all gone, and Ned was lying in his own library, with a bullet in his brain."

There was a shocked silence around the little tea-tables; Mrs. Wickham had counted rather too much on her own nerve, for it seemed doubtful whether she could pull herself together, after this trying story. But in a few minutes she looked up bravely.

"Why doesn't someone ask what this has to do with your thistles?" she demanded.

"To be sure, the thistles?" cried several voices.

"Well, to keep up my Peter Parley role," said the hostess, "or my 'Arabian nights' entertainment," I have one more story, a tiny one, this time. Last spring as I was walking over my grassy backyard, I saw a thistle plant pushing itself up; "Uncle Adam," I said, to my old workman, "get your spade and root up this thing;" "yes, mistis," he said, and straightway forgot it. Now I was away most of the summer, and in my absence the sturdy thistle spread itself, blossomed, and seeded.

"The next time it caught my eye, the seed wings were white for their flight, and the pod was dry and brown. "Ah," said I to myself, "to-morrow I must have that old thistle put in the fire." By sunrise the next day I looked out of my window; every wicked seed had taken flight."

The boys applauded the story teller, recognizing her climax, but she was passing among the tables now, deftly pinning the little favors on to each boy's coat.

"Please make the application yourselves," she was saying, "of the best time to root up naughty seed."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Lead Me, O Lord.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always
spring,
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light!

—A. A. Procter.

The Ash-Can Bible.

(By the Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., Pastor of West End Presbyterian Church, New York.)

This bible has a history. It was a gift to the pastor under the unlikeliest conditions. Indeed I doubt if there is another church in the whole world that came by its pulpit bible in the same or in anything like a similar way.

This is its history. One morning last spring, a woman, a pew-holder; but not a member of this church, came into the minister's office, where I was keeping the pastoral hour, and, handing me a package neatly wrapped and tied, asked me if I could make use of its contents in any way. Opening the package and finding this beautifully bound bible inside, I of course answered affirmatively, and suggested that I hand it on to some mission church or poor, struggling congregation, for use as a pulpit bible.

She told me its story. That morning upon coming out of the apartment where she lived, she spied an elegantly bound book on the top of the ash-can that stood awaiting the coming of the garbage cart. Feeling it was a shame to allow so fine a book to be disposed of in that way, she went to the



ash-can and turned its title round towards her. What was her amazement, her horror, her sense of desecration, to find it was a copy of the Holy Bible! She opened it and found that several leaves between the Old Testament and the New had been cut out, and the explanation came to her at once, an explanation which the janitor afterwards fully confirmed.

It seems that a family, apparently respectable and well disposed, had moved away from the apartment house the day before, and desiring to throw away everything for which they had no use, and yet only increased the bulk of their effects, had seized upon the family bible, which had been in their home for years as a thing that could be as easily got along without as anything else, had cut out the family record that it might not be lost, and sent the book down to the janitor as rubbish, to be thrown away. He, either because he had a low estimate of the bible's value, had deposited it in the ash-can and was looking for the city's cart to come at any moment and take it away.

A new interest immediately attached itself to the bible. I put it into the minister's room to await some providential opportunity to dispose of it. That opportunity was not long in coming. When this new pulpit was set in place upon my return it was found that not one of the three pulpit bibles that had been previously presented to the church would fit its book

board. I then went to the minister's room and brought out this ash-can bible. It was just the thing. Besides being of the right size, its gold edges and richly embossed cover made it peculiarly suitable to mount this pulpit, and here it will stand as itself a memorial—the pulpit a memorial to a family who loved the bible, guided their lives for fifty years in this community by its counsels, and sent forth into it streams of Christian influence that will never dry; the bible which rests upon this pulpit speaking to us of a family who fitted into this neighborhood, and after a restless sojourn of a few months, more probably of not more than a few weeks, fitted out again, without ever having done anything to help it, and who thought so little of God and goodness, desired so faintly, not only to light the road heavenward for others, but to have it lighted for themselves, that they threw away their family bible, and moved on to drag down the religious tone and temperature of some other community.

This strangely discovered book starts no poetic strains within me—I have no such strings to vibrate—but it does set my soul musing, and those musings seem to me to take the part of likeliest fact and truth. They carry me back over the earlier history of this book. It may have been, it doubtless was, a wedding present, given probably by a pious father and mother long since among the sainted dead. It had been in the home through all the years of their family history, and had become as familiar an object as the silver on their table or the pictures upon their walls. Again and again they had gone to it through the passing years to inscribe within its sacred pages the records of their home. With the daintiest touch they had put in their own names while the honeymoon was still on. Later when that little life came to them, their first born, and the glow of parenthood flushed their souls as with a baptism from heaven, they dipped the pen as if into some love-fluid, and wrote out with pride the dear little one's newly chosen name.

A few years passed, and the Angel came and took the sweet soul away. The funeral over, the father one evening when they were alone, and the house was silent, went through into the parlor, unbeknown to his wife, and put in the record, leaning over the open book till the tears began to soil the page, and then turning over a few pages into the book that adjoined the record, he read over and over again those dear and holy words, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'; and those other words so inseparably associated with them, 'Their Angels do always behold the face of my Father.' It was the bible, too, out of which the minister had read at the little one's funeral, and in this and a hundred other ways it had taken on an hallowedness and built itself into the whole life of the home.

But five years ago the family moved into New York, and the decay of their home life began. Sentiment, association, memory, though sacred and tender, could not run a race with the evanescent, migratory life of the metropolis. They had moved often, and every time they moved they had left something of their home life behind them. Age ceased to give anything its value; it was the ease with which it could be transported which determined that. Their religious life had declined, and they never opened the bible of late. They had even neglected to record the last death that had taken place in the family. They had been weaned from the church through frequent removals, and religious thought and feeling had become

strangers to their hearts. Their consciences had been dulled, and what had once seemed impossible to them was now second nature. They used to think they could never allow the Sunday paper in their home, but they read it themselves and allowed their children to read it now without the least qualm of conscience.

To stay away from church once was a few years ago an act of backsliding, but they had not long been in New York before whole months passed without their crossing the sacred threshold, and yet it gave them no compunction whatever. Time was, and not long since, when they were most punctilious about sending their children to Sunday-school. The wildest wind and the foulest weather would not pass with them as an excuse for allowing the boys and girls to stay at home. There was no such strictness these last years, but weeks of Sabbaths went by and failed to record a single present mark for any of the children on the rolls of the Sunday-school.

Therefore, sentiment gone, association and memory having loosened their grasp, their religious life having become a thing of the past, and their consciences having grown sluggish, they had no more use for the Old Book. It was too bulky to move; they would keep the family record, but the sacred pages and covers which had given it its enclosure and setting, they would throw away.

Were there ever a sadder story? It makes me weep to think of it. And yet it is the story of a thousand homes in this community, of a hundred thousand homes in this city. It is what some of you are coming to, dear friends, unless you take warning. Let this bible give you such a warning to-night. May it ever be a warning to every family of this church.

As often as the eyes of those worshipping here shall rest upon it, may it speak to them its solemn message with a voice that cannot be drowned; let not the fire burn low on your hearthstone, but keep up the fire-side glow. See that your home is in touch with the Church. Suffer not your family altar to become a ruin. Have a family bible and use it. Take care that mildew spots like those which I find here that are always signs of disuse, are not allowed to mar it. Read the Old Book to your children. Read it to your own soul. Without it your home life will grow hollow and unholy, your children will deteriorate, your own soul shrivel up and die.—Presbyterian Banner.

For The Best.

I know it is all for the best ;

I know that the Father is good;

He loved, and has taken to rest;

I would not recall if I could;

I feel when I scarcely can pray—

I read in my sorrowing this:

That life was a wearisome way,

And death was the portal of bliss.

But hearts that are human are weak,

And hearts that remember will thrill

A hand that has vanished I seek,

I long for a voice that is still.

I yearn for—I scarcely know what;

I grieve that I cannot discern

A something that was and is not,

A something that will not return.

O thou who hast gone from thy place,

I know thou art safe—thou art His!

I faint for one sight of thy face,

And yet it is well as it is.

The life that was blessing to me

I cannot, I dare not forget;

The death that was blessing to thee,

I cannot, I dare not regret!

—Jessie H. Brown in 'The Lookout.'

Freddie's Punishment.

'I'll never do it again, Mamma.'

Freddie Steel's eyes were full of tears, and his bright face was clouded all over as he spoke. He had often said the same thing before, and I dare say a good many of my readers have made the same promise at one time or another, and meant to keep it, too, Freddie meant to, anyhow, and his mother's kind, sad face, made him feel very repentant. He loved his mother with all his heart, although I am afraid he would have been ashamed to own it to any of his boon companions, in case they might call him 'baby,' or 'muff.'

He and George Aitken, the minister's son, were great friends, and I must confess they were not considered the best boys in school, for they had got into mischief before now. To-day they had slipped school altogether,

going too far for a baby like you to come. Why can't you play by yourself in the garden, without bothering?'—

Ella's face fell, and Freddie saw signs of a coming storm upon it. She began to press her little fists into her blue eyes.

'Come along then,' Freddie said, 'You can come out to the road with me, and then go back by yourself.'

They started off together, and had not gone far when they met Georgie, who was waiting for Freddie in the lane. Ella was sent back by herself, with directions from the boys to go straight home. Freddie did not feel quite comfortable in his mind as he and Georgie went off on their nesting expedition, but he soon forgot everything in the excitement of the search.

It was long past dinner-hour when Freddie walked towards home again. He was



to go in search of birds' nests, and, unfortunately for them, they had been found out.

'I'll never do it again,' Freddie repeated.

'I would rather you did not make such a friend of Georgie, dear,' Mamma said. 'He is a wild boy, I am afraid, and he takes you from your lessons. But I am sure I can trust my boy,' she added, as she kissed him fondly.

Freddie's face flushed, as he thought of the promise he had made Georgie to spend the next day with him in the lanes looking for nests. But he tried to still his conscience by telling himself that it was Saturday and a holiday, which made all the difference in the world.

The next day dawned warm and sunny, and after breakfast Freddie, feeling rather guilty, prepared to slip out of the garden and out of sight of the house, to where Georgie was to meet him. As he went down the garden-path his baby sister Ella came toddling after him. She thrust her chubby little fist into Freddie's hand saying:

'I'm coming with 'oo, Freddie. Ma said 'oo was to take me.'

'I can't, Ella,' said Freddie, crossly; 'I'm

wondering what excuse to make for his absence, and whether he was 'in for a row,' as Georgie would have put it, when he saw the village doctor come out of the house and walk away. Freddie's heart stood still with a sudden fear, and he ran in quickly by the open door. Mary, the housemaid, met him in the hall.

'Oh, Master Freddie,' she said, 'where have you been? Miss Ella has been run over in the lane by a cart, and was brought in shortly after you left the house. We thought she had gone with you.'

Mary stopped when she saw the look on Freddie's face as he ran quickly upstairs.

He pushed open the door of the nursery and went in. He felt afraid to look at the little cot in the corner. What if Ella was dead! Freddie felt as if he had killed her.

But his mother's face, tear-stained but happy, was the first thing he saw, and she drew him over to the little figure in the cot.

'Thank God, she will live, Freddie,' she said.

And she knew that she did not need to utter any words of reproach, for Freddie had had a lesson he would never forget.—'The Adviser.'

Who Settled It?

(By Lizzie M. Whittlesey, in *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.)

'Come now, squire, there's no use talking; that spring is mine, and you can't keep on with your pipes and pulleys without making trouble.'

Mark Aton was evidently excited. His florid face grew purple, his short, stocky frame expanded, while the rickety fence on which he leaned fairly shook under his emphatic poundings.

As for his auditor, Squire Ingham, a tall, spare man of gentlemanly build and bearing, several years Mark's senior, he was simply exasperated.

The spring—the small and innocent cause of a family feud of many generations' growth between the Inghams and the Atons—lay just on the boundary line between the two farms, and the question was who had the most claim to it.

Squire Ingham said little, but assumed possession with such exasperating coolness that Aton's quicker temper was kept at blazing heat most of the time. Within a few days the squire had added fuel to the fire by quietly laying pipes from the spring to his house, thus cutting off Mark's lingering hope of ownership. Seeing the squire out, he had come up to expostulate, beginning with the spirited sentence just quoted.

Ingham leaned gracefully against the throbbing fence, and looking over the irate Mark superciliously said, 'If the spring is yours, prove it!'

'Prove it!' echoed Mark with an alarming thump of the long-suffering fence. 'There are papers in our house that my own father wrote, showing that he bought and paid for it.'

'Humph!' responded the squire with a look of supreme contempt, 'my father owned that spring when you were a baby.'

Mark fairly choked. The squire's one weapon was his superior age, and Aton felt the force of it, but he replied, 'What if he did? The Atons bought it back again, as you know. What are you going to do about that?'

'Well,' was the cool reply, 'my present purpose is to lay these pipes in as near a straight line as possible. Like this,' and the squire took up the section he had laid down and proceeded to fit it to another piece.

Mark boiled. 'If you do, so much the worse for you,' he said hotly, 'I came up here to have this matter settled, and if you don't do it, Lawyer Haven will. I'll go to Litchfield for him to-night.'

'Most too early an hour, isn't it?' asked Squire Ingham sarcastically, with a significant wave of the hand towards the setting sun.

'Never mind; an hour or two of night work don't signify,' and Mark strode off towards the farm, fully determined to carry out his threat.

He worked with violent energy, drew out his buggy with a bang, jerked the harness from its nail, and was about to throw it on the horse with great noise and ceremony, when a glance at Whitey's foot brought his movements to a sudden standstill. She had cast a shoe, and of course could not be driven the long nine miles to Litchfield without attention.

'Well, the only way,' he remarked ruefully to himself and Whitey, 'is to get her shod now, and then I can go after the lawyer in the morning.'

Just then Libbie, his bright young wife, came to the door with the dish-pan, and Mark called out, 'Say, want to go to mother's a little while? I've got to drive up to the village.'

The pleasant 'brunette' face rippled all over, as she replied: 'Yes, indeed; I've been wanting to see mother all day.'

So in less than ten minutes they were seated together in the easy buggy, off for a pleasant drive instead of the wrathful, lonely one Mark had planned.

He intended telling her something of the spring trouble, but when they were fairly under way it seemed really too bad to spoil their enjoyment talking about the squire's meanness.

The grass was just turning a tender green, the early birds twittering, the frogs holding forth lustily, and all the air so full of pleasant spring sights and smells that Mark wisely talked of other things, though in doing so he kept his first secret from his wife. For it was hardly a year yet since Libbie Holman had left Clifton, the village a mile above, to settle with Mark Aton in Mardale for life. It was not strange, therefore, that she welcomed every chance to run up home for a while, though just as eager to get back to the other home at Mardale.

To-night, as they came in sight of mother's house—which stood near the blacksmith shop—they saw her coming towards it and so met there.

'I was just startin' for meetin',' said mother Holman, a good old soul with whom meeting was a weekly delight. 'You'd better go with me.'

Libbie hesitated. She had much rather not, but didn't like to say so. Her mother caught the look, however, and hastened to say,

'I'd stay home with you usually, but you see there's somebody a little extra to-night, an evangelist from Hartford.'

'Well,' replied Libbie reluctantly, 'I'll go with her, and if meetin' ain't out you can come up after me, Mark.'

'All right,' he said, but looked doubtful, for he wasn't a professor like Libbie, and only went to church to please her. He hoped the work would take too long, but it didn't, for Davis fitted and pounded with unusual rapidity, remarking as he drove the last nail, 'Believe I'll step up to meetin' a little while, too.'

As they entered Mark perceived the meeting was not an ordinary one. The preacher, a young man of energy and power, spoke with sincerity and earnestness, and the Gospel Hymns—just out then—were heartily rendered by the really good country choir.

Mark forgot his troubles in listening, and when at the close meetings were appointed for the next afternoon and evening he determined to come, till an intruding thought of the spring reminded him of the previous engagement.

'Wasn't it good?' said Libbie, as she settled into the seat beside him. 'And mother wants us to come up to-morrow, so as to go again.'

'I can't,' said Mark, more crossly than he had ever spoken to her before. 'I'm going to Litchfield and sha'n't get back in time.'

'O Mark,' exclaimed Libbie, reproachfully, 'I thought you would, and told mother we'd come early so I could trim her bonnet, and now she'll be disappointed.'

'Can't help that,' he began, but something in the comely face made him stop and say impulsively, 'I'm a great bear, Libbie. Of course, you can go. Litchfield can wait till the next day.'

'All right,' she answered, giving him a hug, 'but don't be a bear any more, will you?'

And he wasn't though he felt like it the next day when he had to stop work at noon—good, thrifty farmer as he was—just to go to meeting. He chafed, too, about the delayed trip to Litchfield, for Ingham was working 'like fury,' laying pipes, and carry-

ing water, evidently ascribing the lawyer's non-appearance to Aton's cowardice. The latter, however, was bound not to punish his little wife for the squire's misdeeds; and when he drove up to the hillside church and found all the other men out with their wives he felt quite repaid for the effort.

The afternoon talk was principally for Christians, except at the close, when Mr. Tapley appealed so earnestly to all that Mark felt strangely moved.

'That means us, Mark,' said Ed Haynes, as they stood together on the steps before getting their teams. 'Don't you believe it? I do.'

Mark understood it better that evening when, after Mr. Tapley had asked those wishing to be Christians to rise, Ed was on his feet with this simple confession, 'I want to serve Christ, but I've been trying to keep my own sinful heart, too. I'm ready to give that up now, if I can only have him.'

Mark wished he could say that, but thought of the spring and was silent. Nevertheless, there was a strange stirring at his heart which could not be repressed, and as he and Libbie rode home in the silver light of the full moon, the words, 'Saviour, thy dying love,' etc., floated through his mind persistently.

As for Libbie, she too was deeply moved. Of a light, volatile nature, religious impressions were not lasting, and further than to echo her mother's wish, 'If Mark was only a professor,' she had never gone. Now, however, a great longing possessed her soul to see him a Christian, and conscience was urging her to help him and reminding her that she never had. As these thoughts occupied her he was excusing himself by the very fact which she deplored—'If religion isn't worth enough for my wife to ever speak of, guess I don't need it.'

Libbie, meantime, felt that she must speak and at last, just as they drove into the yard, she faltered out,

'That hymn they sang last, "I am praying for you," was a beautiful one, wasn't it?'

'Oh, pretty enough,' replied Mark, with an indifference he was far from feeling.

'And it's true, dear,' she continued softly, as he lifted her to the steps, and reaching up she kissed him in a way that expressed more than words. Mark hurried to the barn in a tumult of feeling. His last excuse was gone now; wife did care enough to speak, and she was praying for him. Why not yield? What stood in the way? Only that spring, and Mark turned to where the still uncovered pipes gleamed in the moonlight.

Should he stand still and let that go on under his very eyes? No! And Mark Aton, who was as dogged as he was impetuous, made all the preparations again for an early ride to Litchfield.

As he went into the house, however, the words of his wife came back with redoubled force, and fearing she might say more he decided not to go upstairs, but sleep until his early-rising hour on the old lounge in the kitchen. Calling out to her his intention he threw himself down, but not to sleep.

Fragments of the hymns, sentences from the preacher's talk, the tender words of Libbie, together with the long-forgotten precepts of his mother, many years dead, mingled in his mind as he tossed and turned on the lounge.

And all the time he longed for the Saviour, felt his great need of him, but when he would reach up his hand of faith always that spring and his plans for injuring Squire Ingham would interfere.

At last he could endure it no longer. 'I must find rest,' he said, and knelt in the agony of a strong man by the window. How beautiful it was! All nature was at peace.

"If I could only find it!" moaned Aton. "You can," answered the faithful inward monitor. "Give up your quarrel with Squire Ingham and all will be well."

"I can't do that," his heart would reply, and so the fierce struggle went on.

At last conscience urged too loudly to be resisted, and he said wearily, "If it ever comes morning I'll see the squire."

He felt quieted for a moment, but the thought intruded itself, "Why not do it now?"

"I shouldn't find him now; he won't be up," was the ready reply. But glancing over to the stone house on the hill, a twinkling light in the squire's library gave the lie to his words.

There was another conflict then, "Satan whispering, 'Wait till morning,' the better angel urging, 'Go now.'"

"I will," he said at last through set lips, and murmuring the prayer, "O Lord Jesus, go with me," he hurried 'cross lots' to Squire Ingham's.

With some trepidation he lifted the old-fashioned brass knocker and waited for its heavy thud to bring some one.

The door opened and Squire Ingham stood before him lamp in hand.

"Good morning, sir," he said with chilling politeness, wondering what could have brought his neighbor over at that hour.

He had not long to surmise, however, for Mark came straight to the point at once.

"I've come to settle that spring business, squire," he said, stepping into the library.

"To settle?" asked the other. "Have you seen Lawyer Haven?"

"Lawyer Haven? No," returned Mark a little quickly, for it seemed to him, unreasonable though it was, that the Squire must know all he had passed through.

"Where have you been all day then?" questioned Ingham angrily, for he had watched Aton's movements with more interest than he had cared to acknowledge.

The impatient question helped Mark to explain. "I've been to meeting, squire, and have found what I wouldn't from any lawyer, that I can't keep up such a bickering with you and get any comfort or live right at all. Let's have the whole thing settled. I've been cross and snappish about it and tried to injure you; so if you'll call that quits and take the spring for yours, I'll be perfectly satisfied."

He paused breathless, and Ingham looked at him in a dazed sort of way, as if he did not yet comprehend.

"If there's any damage for what I've done in the way of breaking down your fences and filling in your spring, I'll make it right," and Mark pulled out his well-used pocket-book, with an air which left no doubt of his sincerity.

Ingham's face, over which varying expressions had been chasing, expanded into a beaming smile.

"Not so fast, my friend," said he, setting down the lamp and taking Mark cordially by the hand. "Don't eat so much humble pie that there isn't any left for me. If you've been touchy, I've been aggravating and hateful and am ashamed of it. As for a settlement, I believe in fair play. It isn't to be all on one side. In the course of our excavations we've discovered another spring near the first, about the same size. Now, as I've put pipes in the first, I want you to take the other. You've wanted water at the house ever since you commenced house-keeping. Get at it to-morrow, and Mike and I'll turn in and help you."

"Agreed," said Mark; "that's fair, I'm sure; much obliged," and his face fairly glowed as he returned the squire's hearty grasp. "Glad I came," he added as he turned towards the door.

"And I'm glad you did, too; and, brother," he continued, unconsciously using the address of his early Methodist training as he walked with him to the gate, "I'm glad you went to meeting, and I trust we shall walk the Christian way together, better than I have alone."

It was more than the reticent Episcopalian was ever known to say before, and Mark's heart went out to him for his effort. Never, it seemed to him as he walked home, had the air seemed so balmy or the moonlight so radiant. As he said afterwards, "I could talk to the Lord now," and kneeling by the stone-wall he gave himself up in glad surrender to that One who had led him in this strange way to Himself.

Libbie in the meantime, troubled at his going out, had come down stairs to watch for him at the kitchen window. She understood it better when he opened the door and, coming up to her, said, putting his arm tenderly about her, "I am praying for you" is a sweet hymn, darling, and the best of it is, the prayers are answered, Libbie."

And in the months that followed, when the neighbors wondered at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between the Inghams and the Atons and inquired of Mark, "who settled that spring trouble," he was wont to answer reverently, "The Lord Jesus Christ, for if he hadn't been with us it wouldn't have been done."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The Veiled Christ.

(By the Rev. H. W. Pope.)

Some years ago a friend of mine residing in California became interested in the spiritual welfare of a young man. His besetting sin was intemperance. She invited him to her home, and gradually won his confidence and esteem. Then she tried to lead him to Christ, but her efforts were unsuccessful, though her influence was a constant restraint upon him. He respected her views, admired her character, but he would not accept her Lord. Among the attractions of her home was a little painting, which had been sent to her from Europe by a dear friend. It was a face of Christ of rare beauty, and it seemed to have a special fascination for this young man. Every time he came into the house he would stand before it and gaze with unfeigned interest upon the face of the crucified One.

A change in her husband's business led my friend to return to the East, where she had formerly lived. As the time came for her to leave she asked herself what more she could do for this young man. Suddenly the thought flashed into her mind, "Give him the painting that he admires so much." For a moment she hesitated. "No," she said, "that picture is too costly and too precious to me as a gift. I cannot part with it." "But it may win him to Christ," said the voice; "you know how he is impressed by it." "True," she said, "and he shall have it. Nothing is too good for Jesus, and here is my opportunity to break an alabaster box at the Master's feet." When her friend called for the last time she pleaded with him once more to give his heart to the Lord, but all in vain. Then she tried to get him to sign the pledge, but he refused, saying, "Anything else, I will do for you, but not this." Then she gave him a little package and asked him to hang it in his bedroom, where he could see it every day. Glancing at the empty space upon the wall he suspected the contents of the package and declined to take it. "Why," said he, "I couldn't smoke or play cards or do anything with that face looking down upon me."

"But you promised," said the little woman, "to do anything I asked you."

"True," he said, "and I will."

So he took the picture and promised to let her know if he ever gave his heart to God. For seven long years that faithful friend prayed for him without hearing one word. Then came the expected letter, in which he told the story of his conversion. He had hung the picture in his room, as he had promised, but after a while it became unendurable. That sweet, suffering face appealed to him so mightily that he could not enjoy sin with those eyes looking down upon him, and yet he could not escape them. He was afraid to turn the face to the wall and he could not take it down, for he had promised. The only alternative was to cover it. Accordingly he went out and purchased some illusion and draped the face which he dare not look into. And there it hung for years a thick veil hiding the piercing eyes from his sight. Free from this restraint he went on in his ways of sin and for years lived a reckless life. At length one night, after his fortune had been squandered and his health impaired and all his hopes blighted, he resolved to take his own life. There was only one thing to prevent it. He had not money enough to buy a pistol. As he stood in his room, hesitating what to do, an impulse seized him to look once more upon the holy face. He tore off the veil and gazed upon it, and, as he looked and thought, his heart was broken, and he fell upon his knees before the picture, and prayed to the crucified One. And as he prayed He who is able to save unto the uttermost, forgave his sins and spoke peace to his soul.

Paul in his letter to the Corinthians says, "When the heart shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." In this case the order was reversed. When the veil was taken away the heart saw and owned its Lord and Master.

Are there not many who, fearing to be left alone with the Lord even for a moment, afraid to trust themselves under Christian influences, resolutely refuse to visit certain places, to read certain books and to think on certain topics? Are there not many who have practically put a veil over the face of Christ in order that they may not see Him and feel His rebuke? Let us who know Him so disclose Him, by the patience and fidelity of our lives, by the warmth and sympathy of our hearts and by the shining of our faces that those who are trying to avoid Him may see Jesus everywhere, and thus, through some one or some one's work, He may catch their eyes and capture their heart.—*The Congregationalist.*

His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball,

He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;

He must have a rocking-horse

And a hard wood top, of course,

For he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has cut off all his curls, they are only fit for girls,

And has left them in a heap upon the floor;

For he's six years old to-day,

And he's glad to hear them say

That he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother Jim,

Though he thinks he should have had them long before.

Has new shoes laced to the top—

'Tis a puzzle where they stop;

And he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why

They are sorry when he has such bliss in store;

For he's now their darling boy,

And will be their pride and joy,

Though he cannot be their baby any more,
—*Georgina E. Billings.*

LITTLE FOLKS

Clever Ravens.

(Child's Companion.)

If you look at your maps and find the Arctic regions, you will see at once how much nearer it would be to get to China, if one could go this way, than it is going round the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal. Many attempts have been made to find a passage called the 'North-West Passage,' and one of the most interesting accounts of these voyages is that of H. M. S.

them. On the land there were plenty of reindeer, hares, and birds. The animals fed on the dwarf willows, reindeer moss, and coarse grass found on the plains. The writer of the book says that it would take a volume to describe the novel and interesting habits of these animals seen in Mercy Bay.

The animals were very watchful and wary, and although they were short of food on board the ship, it was difficult to get near enough to

themselves as friends of the family in Mercy Bay, living by what little scraps the men might have to throw away after meal times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his especial perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who, nevertheless, outwitted him in a way which amused everyone. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their bodies, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way just as the mess-tins were being cleaned out on the dirt heap outside the ship.

The dog would immediately run at them, and they would just fly a few yards; then the dog gave another run, and again they would appear to escape him by an inch, and so on, until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised on him, and rushed back again.



'Investigator,' commanded by Captain (afterwards Sir) McClure.

As this ship entered the Arctic regions it got between two enormous icebergs, towering like mountains on each side; it seemed to the captain and the crew that the vessel would be crushed to pieces—just as you would crush a nutshell between nut-crackers. They escaped into a bay which they called 'Mercy Bay,' being thankful for their deliverance from so terrible a death. In the bay they had to stay, surrounded by ice and snow all the winter.

But they found much to interest

shoot a deer or a hare. Often when they did shoot a deer, before they could get a sledge to get it to the ship, the wolves would have eaten all except the head and a bone or two. 'Half a dozen wolves always were waiting ready to cut off stragglers or pick up a giddy fawn.' The deer huddled together to protect themselves from the wolves and to keep themselves warm, and the hares did the same.

But one of the most interesting stories told is that which forms the subject of our picture.

Some Arctic ravens established

An Arbor Day Transformation

(Sydney Dayre in 'Wellspring.')

'Hoh! I don't like it.'

At the close of his first day at the school in the new place at which he had come to live, Hugh Clifford turned when outside the playground and took a look back. The expression of disapproval on his face grew deeper and, it may be confessed, sourer.

'Regular barn of a building, without a speck of anything pleasant about it. Not a tree, not so much as a leaf or a blade of grass. And I've got to come here every day!'

In truth the bare, square brick building was not inviting to the eyes. The townspeople prided themselves on what was considered the finest schoolhouse in the county, or for perhaps two or three counties around. But having seen that the brick was substantially laid and the staring windows well glazed, they had given themselves no further care in the matter.

Hugh, recently come from a New York village to this mid-western town, turned away with a homesick pain at the back of his eyes which smarted worse than if the tears had had their way.

'I never thought then how lovely

our schoolhouse was with its trees and vines and grass and flowers. I just enjoyed it without thinking. What's the reason things should be so different here? But what can I do — a stranger, not a cent of my own, and rheumatism in my right arm so that I couldn't set a tree, much less dig a hole for one'—

Hugh thought much of it as he became acquainted with his new schoolmates. None of them seemed to take it hard—the bare building and the dusty, barren playground. Few of the houses in the village had trees or grass about them. As is the case in many new villages, the people seemed too busy to concern themselves about such luxuries.

But one day, after reading a letter from one of his Eastern friends, Hugh sprang up with the excitement of a new idea.

'Hurrah! I have it now.'

'What is it?' asked his mother.

'Arbor Day is coming. I'm going to try if I can't stir up something here.'

Very wisely Hugh went first to his teacher. He was a young man who, like the others, had little spare time, but was willing to listen kindly to Hugh.

'I like that sort of thing myself,' said Mr. Marten, 'if only some one would set the thing going. Your enthusiasm would do it,' he said, with a glance of genial sympathy at the boy's glowing face.

Hugh went from one to another in the village, meeting with varying receptions, yet on the whole a general willingness to fall in with his suggestions.

Before the coming of Arbor Day he had enlisted all the boys and as many men as he could, all in good-humored readiness to act under his orders.

On the day before, those who passed the schoolhouse might have had their attention drawn to a large placard displayed thereon. It read:—

'All who are willing to assist in the celebration of Arbor Day are asked to be at the schoolhouse by nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Those who have teams and trucks please bring them. Those who have spades please bring them. Those who have neither please bring their good strong hands and a willing mind. By order of the Committee.'

If there were any committee besides Hugh, no one knew it; but it sounded well. And as men and

boys and horses gathered Hugh was looked to for orders.

A mile from the village lay a hill from which only a part of the timber had been cut. As, after passing the dull stretch of dusty road leading to it, the Arbor Day workers scattered themselves among the trees lovely with the earliest spring foliage, they began to perceive how faithfully Hugh, with a chosen inner circle of friends, had already been at work.

Half-a-dozen good-sized trees had already been dug about, leaving a large mass of earth clinging to the roots. Smaller trees were marked for digging, vines also, and a few bits of underbrush which Hugh had chosen for a thicket in the corner of the yard.

It was a busy crew which worked for some hours under the soft sunlight of the spring day. Enthusiasm grew as the work went on, and with familiarity with Nature's gentle works came loving interest.

'Why haven't we done it before?'

'We'll do it with a will now!'

And they did. When the trucks were loaded with the fine trees, so carefully handled that they would never have reason to miss their native beds, shout after shout arose.

Hugh had prepared a day of surprises. As the procession was ready to move, the village band appeared from behind a clump of trees. Cheers of delight greeted them, and a few moments later a dozen large flags and banners floated above, while every man and boy wore a small one on his hat.

Another surprise came when the bearers of the forest treasures, greeted all along the way by mothers and sisters who had come to meet them, arrived at the schoolhouse. Unknown to the others, Hugh had detailed a force to dig up and grade the yard. The holes for the trees were already dug, and they were set in their places by as many hands as could take hold at once.

Then came the vine bearers, and for a painstaking hour ladders were held against the brick walls while the delicate tendrils were trained—to take off the bareness and the ugliness. The water carriers did their duty and then—came another surprise.

Three or four waggons loaded with sod were driven up. The tree planters, with much fun and laughter, were pushed aside to rest while busy hands laid the green flooring.

Excitement was by this time at its height. Cries and exclamations of delight were heard on all sides as the bare, dull building and its surroundings took on beauty and sweetness with almost the magical swiftness of a fairy tale. It was a wonder of wonders—the tender green spreading itself over all that had been unsightly.

Men and boys were not, however, to do everything. As the last bit of bare dust was hidden, wives, mothers and sisters came with baskets. Seated on the new turf the people enjoyed a royal feast.

The boys were called on for speeches, Hugh leading off with an account of the difficulties which had seemed to stand in the way of his desire to make the schoolhouse a thing of beauty, telling of his applications to different ones in the village and the kindness and sympathy with which he had been almost universally received.

Mr. Marten was called on for the concluding speech. He wisely made it short, very soon arriving at the place where, with an eloquent gesture upward, he directed all eyes into the soft green above their heads.

'I want to express a hope that no one will insult the beauty and dignity of these trees by bringing beneath them anything mean, low, ungenerous, or dishonest; that their shadow may rest only upon all which makes up high and noble character. And in order to do this, these boys and girls, who have helped in making this Arbor Day what it is and what it will always be to this community, must begin by being themselves the examples.'

Deep murmurs of assent, then cheers and more cheers as the people began slowly to disperse.

Outside the transformed ground they lingered still to feast their eyes on the new beauty which had come to find place in their midst.

'A good work for one boy to start.'

'A boy without a cent, and rheumatism in his right arm,' said Mr. Marten with a laugh.

'Three cheers for the schoolhouse!' cried a voice; and they were heartily given.

'We'll have a flag on it next flag-raising day.'

'Three cheers for Hugh Clifford!'

'No. Cheers for the flag!' screamed Hugh, just as mouths were opening.

And to this day no one knows for which the crowning cheers of the day were given.



Christ Risen.

John xx., 11-20. Memory verses, 11-14. Compare Matthew xxiii., 1-8; Mark xvi., 1-8; Luke xxiv., 1-12.

Golden Text.

'Now is Christ risen from the dead.' I. Cor. xv., 20.

Lesson Story.

(The following is taken from Edersheim's 'Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah'.)

Matthew explains that there had been a great earthquake and that the angel of the Lord, to human sight as lightning and in brilliant white garment had rolled back the stone and sat upon it, when the guard, affrighted by what they saw and heard, had been seized with mortal faintness.

The love of Mary Magdalene could not rest satisfied, while doubt hung over the fate of the sacred body of Jesus. For a time she gave way to the agony of her sorrow, then as he wiped away her tears she stooped to take one more look into the tomb which she thought empty, when as she intently gazed the tomb seemed no longer empty. At the head and feet where the sacred body had lain were seated two angels in white. Their question, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' seems to have come upon her with such overpowering suddenness that without being able to realize—perhaps in the semi-gloom—who it was that had asked it, she spake, bent only on obtaining the information she sought: 'Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' As she spake, she became conscious of another Presence close to her. Quickly turning round, she gazed on One whom she recognized not, but regarded as the gardener from his presence there and from his question, 'Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?' The hope that she might now learn what she sought, gave wings to her words. If the supposed gardener had borne to another place the sacred body, she would take it away if she only knew where it was laid. The depth and agony of love made her forget even the restraints of a Jewish woman's intercourse with a stranger. A moment more and he spake her name in those well-remembered accents that had first unbound her from sevenfold demoniac power and called her into a new life. It was as another unbinding, another call into a new life. She had not known his appearance, just as the others did not know him at first, so unlike, and yet so like, was the glorified body to that which they had known. But she could not mistake the voice, especially when it spake to her, and spake her name. So do we also often fail to recognize the Lord when he comes to us 'in another form' than we had known. But we cannot fail to recognize him when he speaks to us and speaks our name.

The rush of old feeling came over her, and with the familiar 'Rabboni'—my Master—she would fain have grasped him. Was it the unconscious impulse to take hold on the precious treasure which she had thought forever lost, the unconscious attempt to make sure it was not merely an apparition of Jesus from heaven, or the beginning of such acts of worship as her heart prompted. Probably all these, and yet probably she was not at the moment distinctly conscious of any of these feelings. But to them all there was one answer and in it a higher direction given by the words of the Lord, 'Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to the Father.' There was yet a future of completion before him in the Ascension, of which Mary knew not. Between that future of completion and the past of work there was a gap. The past could not be recalled, the future could not be anticipated. The present was of reassurance, of consolation, of preparation, of teaching. Let Mary Magdalene go and tell his brethren of the Ascension. So would they best learn how the resurrection linked the past of his work of love for them to the future: 'I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.' Thus the fullest teaching of the past, the clearest manifestation of the present, and the brightest teaching of the future,—all as gathered up in the resurrection—came to the Apostles through the mouth of love of her out of whom he had cast seven devils.

C. E. Topic.

June 11.—A perfect Child. Luke 11, xl.-iii. (Children's Sunday.)

Junior C. E.

June 11.—The good that comes from being generous. Prov. xi., 24-31.

Preparation For Teaching.

How shall a Sunday-school teacher prepare himself to meet his class? He needs two kinds of preparation: that of the head and that of the heart. I shall speak only of his intellectual preparation, and shall describe a method that I have found very useful in the conduct of a Bible class.

First consider the lesson without note or comment. Try to imagine that you are reading it for the first time in your life. Each verse thus considered will be likely to suggest some question to your mind. Write down all such questions. Then call to mind the different members of your class, and try to put yourself in their places. Look at the lesson from their mental standpoint and write down such questions as you think would be likely to arise in their minds. The work is then blocked out, the questions as yet remaining unanswered. It is to be presumed that the teacher will use some one of the excellent lesson helps that are now so abundant.

Taking that and reading it carefully, he will come upon answers to at least a part of the questions that he has noted down. It will interest him to see how his own views are sometimes confirmed and sometimes modified; for he comes to his lesson help with some opinions that are the inevitable result of his carefully-framed questions. He will also find that some new questions will arise. Put these new-comers down on paper among their kindred, under their respective verses. This part of the work—the breaking up of the ground—should be done in the early part of the week.

At your convenience, read carefully the lesson comments in all the papers you have access to, noting whatever is valuable. Then you have your material all in hand. The next step should be to classify it. Let our teacher now take topics and arrange his material logically under them, with all the thoughts upon each in perfect order.

With a lesson so studied, a fair, average teacher can hardly fail to interest a class. If he fails to interest them he can be of very little use to them.—Egbert L. Bangs in 'The Pilgrim Teacher.'

Sympathy Between Workers.

There should be the heartiest sympathy and co-operation between the teachers and officers of the Sunday-school. A lack of harmony cannot help but be a detriment to the best interests of the school. We have known teachers who showed a great fondness for acting in a discourteous manner toward the superintendent. They did not seem to have any regard for his wishes in the management of the school. He, in some way, aroused their displeasure, and now they take occasion to show their disregard for him at every turn. They have no regard for his feelings at all, and are not only showing the lack of a Christian spirit, but also a want of that conduct which should characterize every well-bred lady and gentleman. The superintendent may not have been their choice, he may not be their ideal of a superintendent, and yet he deserves their respect and their heartiest co-operation. If teachers are not willing to do in this respect, what every fair-minded individual holds as just and proper, they would better resign. Such teachers exert a very unwholesome influence upon their classes. A spirit of mistrust and insubordination is awakened, which will, in the nature of things, bear evil fruit. Let teachers, officers and all seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Under the Spirit's influence they will see eye to eye, they will stand shoulder to shoulder, being united in the bonds of Christian affection.—'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.'



Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER 1.—TOBACCO.—ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What is tobacco?

A.—A hardy, flowering, annual, poisonous plant. There are forty or fifty species, which are all classed among the narcotic poisons.

2. Q.—When did tobacco first become known to civilized people?

A.—In the month of November, 1492, nearly 400 years ago, the sailors of Columbus, while exploring the island of Cuba, observed the different was of using tobacco by the natives.

3. Q.—What did they observe?

A.—They saw the Indians carrying lighted fire-brands (as they first supposed) in their lips, from which they inhaled the smoke, and afterwards puffed it from their mouths and nostrils.

4. Q.—What other discoveries were made in regard to its use?

A.—When the Spanish explorers, in 1503, landed in various parts of South America, they found that both chewing and smoking tobacco was a common custom with the natives.

5. Q.—What is said by Fairholt, an eminent authority, on this subject?

A.—We can trace to South America, at the period when the New World was first discovered, every method of using the tobacco plant which the Old World has indulged in ever since.

6. Q.—Has there been any discussion as to the origin of the tobacco plant?

A.—Yes; some writers say that it came from Asia, being first grown in China, and that it was used by the Chinese long before opium was known.

7. Q.—When was it discovered by the French?

A.—In the year 1534 by Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman. He found the natives of Canada smoking tobacco in stone pipes.

8. Q.—When was it first discovered by the English?

A.—In 1565, when they found it growing in Florida, seventy-three years after it was discovered by Columbus on the island of Cuba.

9. Q.—When was tobacco introduced into Europe?

A.—Tobacco was introduced into Spain in 1559 from the Province of Tabaca in St. Domingo, by a Spanish Grandee.

In the following year, 1569, it was introduced into France by John Nicot, and into Italy by Cardinal Santa Croce.

10. Q.—When was tobacco first carried to England?

A.—It was first taken there by Sir John Hawkins from Florida in 1565; but remained unknown until it was made fashionable by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584.

11. Q.—Where is tobacco now grown?

A.—In almost every country on earth, unless prohibited by law, or prevented by the most unfavorable circumstances.

12. Q.—Who is regarded as the pioneer tobacco planter in the United States?

A.—John Rolfe, who married Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian Chief Powhatan. Rolfe cultivated tobacco in Virginia as early as 1616.

13. Q.—What country still ranks first in the production of tobacco?

A.—America grows the most tobacco as well as the finest varieties.

In 1884, the United States produced five hundred and forty-one million, five hundred and four thousand pounds of tobacco, which is about half the product of the whole world.

The Shipwreck.

(By Miss L. Penney.)

"A storm on land is bad enough; a storm at sea is worse," said Grandma Barton to her grandchildren, who begged her to tell them the story of the shipwreck which had happened many years before when she was a young mother. They had heard the story many times already, but it had a strange fascination for them, and bore repeating.

"I never shall forget that night," said the old lady. "The sky was intensely black; not a star could be seen, nor a light anywhere on land; your grandfather was sure we must be somewhere near the New Jersey coast. The wind blew a gale; the waves were angry and seemed eager to swallow us. I was down in the cabin with your mother, who was then a little baby, and your uncle Dick, and had got them ready for bed, when your grandfather called down to me to bring the children up on deck, as the vessel had struck a rock. Even while he spoke I could hear the water rushing in, and before I could get up on deck the cabin was partly filled. I took Jennie just as she was in her night-dress, and had only time to throw a shawl around her. I had somehow managed to get Dick dressed. When I reached the deck I found that a rowboat had been lowered by the side of the ship; a sailor was already in it waiting to catch us as we jumped into it. It was very hard work for me, with the waves tossing the boat up and down, but I managed to get in it, where I sat at one end; grandfather tossed little Dick to the sailor, who caught him and placed him in the bottom of the boat. It was so dark I could hardly see my hand before my face. Grandfather tossed Jennie in the direction of the boat, which suddenly swerved to one side; the sailor missed her, and she dropped in the ocean."

"Did she drown?" eagerly asked Ella, the youngest listener.

"Why, no! you goose; how could she? Jennie was your own mother," prompted Charlie.

"No, I am glad to say she did not drown," continued their grandma. "The sailor, who knew where she disappeared, caught her by her night-dress as she rose to the surface, and put her in my arms. Poor little thing! I thought she would never get her breath, she was so frightened and chilled."

"The sailor rowed us ashore and then went back to get grandfather and the rest of the crew. We had to stay on the beach until daylight, when we could see where we were and plan what to do."

"We went to a fisherman's cottage not far away, where we were kindly treated by the fisherman's wife. She was very poor. As all the clothes she owned were upon her back, she could not loan me a dry suit. I put the children in bed while I dried their clothing by the fire. Poor woman! she had a hard time, and yet she seemed happy with her two little children, though she had very few comforts. She was always anxious for her husband's return when a storm arose, and many a time had built a fire of driftwood upon the shore that it might serve as a guide to him in reaching his home. He would be pretty sure to find her and the children watching for him and waving a white cloth when his fishing smack appeared in sight."

"What was the reason you were shipwrecked, grandma?" asked Charlie.

"A drunken mate was the cause, dearie. He was at the wheel and had steered us on the rocks instead of keeping out to sea. He had taken a glass of whiskey 'to keep out the cold,' as he said, and his brain was so muddled he did not know what he was about."

Grandma Barton's story is strictly true. The disaster is only one of many resulting from the incompetency of drunken seamen. The Rev. Dr. Talmage says, "Not until the judgment day when the sea shall give up its dead and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, men-of-war, and ocean liners have been lost through the incompetency of captain or crew stupefied with drink."—*Temperance Record.*

Dr. Grenfel writes to his old school magazine, the 'Griffin': "I have found that on the sea, where men have very long hours to work, very bitterly cold weather to withstand, very hard physical labor and very smart, active deeds to perform, which require ready, tough muscles and clear heads, there is no one like the total abstainer from 'grog.'"

Correspondence

Kenosha Co., Wis.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. He has eighty cows, calves, and horses together. I go to school every day.

E. B. (aged 11).

Martinvale, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Papa gets the 'Messenger.' I and my sister like to read it. We get it every Thursday. I am in the fourth book, and I study geography, and grammar. I like pointing out on the map. My little brother Hugh, does not go to school in the winter, but he is going in the summer. He is five years old; I have a sister; she is nine years old. Your little reader,

MARGARET (Aged 8.)

Russeltown.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Russeltown in your correspondence, so I will write you one. My papa takes your 'Witness' and I take the 'Messenger.' Papa reads me all the letters and stories. I cannot read very well, as I have never been at school, but mamma teaches me at home. We live about three miles from school. I have one sister; her name is Gladys Violet. I have a pet canary named Neddie, and Gladys has a little dog named Nero. I go to Sunday-school all summer. We do not have any in the winter. My teacher's name is Mrs. C. G. Young; I like her very much; we have about twenty scholars in our class. We have a library and papa is librarian. I was eight years old last January. PANSY.

Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received the first copy of the 'Messenger' to-day, and am very much pleased with it. Papa takes the 'Daily Witness,' and I have been reading the 'Children's Corner,' and sometimes the Boys' Page, for the last year. I am very fond of reading, and I coaxed papa to subscribe for the 'Messenger' for me. He has done so, and now I can have lots of stories to read. I live in a little country village named Economy. Don't you think it is a good name? I attend school; my teacher's name is Miss Harriet McCurdy. Our school has two departments in it. I am in the primary department in grade four. I like my studies very much. I have one brother seven years old, we call him Lockwood, and I have one little sister five years old, named Annie. My name is Helen. I was nine years old on the 25th day of March last. This is my first attempt to write a letter to any paper.

HELEN (Aged 9.)

Leeds, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence. I have two cats. One is all black; the other is all white. We have five lambs and six little pigs. Our schoolhouse is a mile from here. I am in the second book. I do not find it hard. We have spelling sides at school every Friday. I have only one sister, aged 19 years, and one brother, aged 22. I get the 'Messenger' every week.

GLANVILLE (Aged 8.)

Greenbank.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and our house is on a hill, so we have a good view of the surrounding country. We have seven little lambs now, but we had nine and two died. I have great times feeding my two pet ones, as they like me very much, and come running to me every time I go into the pen. We have no dog, as my father does not like them. I have three cats, two little ones and an old cat. I go to Sabbath-school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading the Correspondence very much. I go to public school also, and am in the fourth class. I remain your reader,

ARCHIE (Aged 11.)

Fairville, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for two years. I like to read the little folks' page, and the Correspondence also. We do not live far from school. We have seven months' school. I have two brothers, and one dear little sister, seven weeks old.

MARY L. (Aged 9.)

Olive, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have seen in Manitoba since last fall; we like the place better than the North-West. I am going to school and am in the fourth class; I started this winter in February. We have to stay at home now

till the roads dry; we have the school all the year round. We only had it in the summer up West; we like our teacher, for he is so jolly, and we are very sorry he is going to leave us soon. We have three miles to go to school; it is quite a piece to walk, but we would rather go than stay at home. I have have knitted three pairs of mitts and done enough crocheting for a pair of pillow covers. There are lots of pedlars, who come around, and we have lots of fun. My eldest brother is learning to play the violin, and the second one also. I have four sisters and three brothers. Your truly CLARA P.

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I live in the city of Halifax, right opposite the Deaf and Dumb Institution. My father is a sea captain. I have been to England once; I liked the voyage better than anything else. I am very fond of the water and love to go in bathing. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.'

LIZZIE F. (Aged 13.)

Fertile Creek, Howick.

Dear Editor,—I see a lot of letters in the 'Messenger' every week, so I thought I would write one. I live in the country. I have not seen any letters from this part. We have two dogs and three cats. Papa has taken the 'Witness' for over forty years, and the 'Messenger' for over twelve years. I have one sister and three brothers. We have 250 trees tapped. It is fine fun to gather sap. We have a little calf, about a month old. We have five horses and a colt. We have five geese, three ducks, one squirrel, three sheep, and a lot of cows, and hens. I have a pet hen and a cow. F.C. (Aged 13.)

Falkirk.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm with a pond at the back of the house. I am nine years old, and am at the 96th question in the Shorter Catechism. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for so many years papa cannot remember.

MARY R.

Riceville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the readers of the 'Witness,' and take a great interest in the continued stories, especially one entitled 'The Mermaid.' I read some articles in the 'Witness' saying they liked the story; others disliked it, but for me I was delighted all through until the end came, which disappointed me very much. The expected wedding party was not given; it did not even describe the bridal dress. I read the Children's Corner, and think it is very nice. I am a girl fourteen years old, and I am in the fourth book.

ADA E. B.

St. Louis Station.

Dear Editor,—I feel interested in reading the children's letters. I am writing my first one to the 'Messenger.' I am going to try for a prize in Sabbath school for repeating off the Shorter Catechism. I will write again and tell you if I win. We have a long way to go to school and it is always closed in winter. I am going to the French school, as it is quite near our house. We are nearly surrounded with French. I have a doll and her name is Susie and I play with her every day when I am not at school. We have an organ and I am learning to play on it. I remain your affectionate little twelve year old friend,

MABEL H.

Sheppardton.

Dear Editor,—I would like to have a little letter in the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school and I get it there, and I like it very well. I have two pets, a collie dog and a bantam hen. Papa lives on a farm. We have three horses, their names are Gip, Nellie, and Prince. I go to school and we have lots of fun. I am a little boy seven years old.

LORNE G.

Ayer's Flat.

Dear Editor,—I take much pleasure in reading the letters I always find in your paper. My home is near the head of Lake Massawippi; although it is only nine miles long, it is noted for its beautiful scenery. About one mile from here is Bacon's Bay, where many people stay through the summer months. At the outlet is North Hatley; in the summer it is filled with boarders from the south. My sister, aged eight, and I, are going to keep house all summer for our mother; we think it will be great fun.

BERNICE R. (Aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Overcoming Evil With Good.

Not long since two boys of nine and ten years were almost successful in an attempt to derail a train near London. They were caught by the police, and a significant confession was made by them. They had not been moved by what would be termed a criminal motive, having no idea of robbery nor a desire for wanton murder. They had simply been reading a sensational story in a penny magazine, which found good circulation among youngsters of their age. The younger boy honestly exclaimed, 'We knew some hero like Lord Hildegarde would spring forth to the rescue, and we wanted to see him.' The fact is that the tastes and ideals of these lads had been perverted—their morals had been derailed before they attempted to conjure up a 'hero' by such extraordinary means.

Now, it is hardly putting it too strongly to say that it would be fortunate if vicious literature resulted only in train wrecking. Then the evil would be so apparent that a speedy moral censorship of the press would result. As it is, the harm is in ruined characters, perverted and exaggerated ideas of life and often the overthrow of the moral sense.

The liquor traffic is an evil producing such immediate and plain results that its overthrow is constantly, and justly, the object of aggressive warfare on the part of good people. But there are other evils just as deadly and nearly as widespread, if not quite. That of vicious literature is one. Passing by stories that are simply useless or so exaggerated as to appear ridiculous to anyone of sense, we refer to such printed songs, poems, stories, and even pictures, as are obscene, and which are distributed, read looked at secretly.

A person of most upright life and noble purposes not long since said to the writer that she had so continually refused to listen to anything vulgar, obscene or sensational that she was well along in life before she realized what there was of evil in the world. Doubtless she would never have known it, had she not happened to enter a profession which of necessity led her to see beneath the surface of life generally. Then the revelations startled her.

Now, too many good people get a wrong idea of duty just at this point. The careful housewife does not seek to cover up the dirt, nor refuse to look in dark corners for fear of offending her sight, but rather resolutely sets herself about searching every nook and cranny that her home may speedily be rid of dust, dirt and ever certain forms of life. By so doing she not only has a home pleasing to the eye for its cleanliness, but one where disease finds little chance of lodgement.

An certainly this very sensible rule of the physical life should be applied in the moral. It is wrong to mistake ignorance for innocence.

It is a rather singular fact that many parents are extremely careful about the manners and morals of their children so far as outward appearance goes, but never think of a rigid investigation of the things that may be secretly bringing about ruin in after years. As soon as a boy learns to read he has a key to a new world, and it is not in human nature to refuse to enter. It is astonishing how rapidly a thing done in secret will travel, and before the parents of a respectable boy are aware of it, if they ever are, the boys, and even the girls, are covertly reading books that are worse than 'trashy.' Moreover, literature of this kind is read by mere children, whose very inexperience and ignorance renders it the more dangerous. So it is also with the circulation of low songs, poems and pictures. The city, school and church furnish libraries of healthful books, but there are presses at work striking off whole libraries that are never reviewed in the public magazines and papers, whose existence the Christian mother perhaps does not suspect; and these things are printed because they find sale among the young, and many who do not buy have them loaned or given to them.

Parents must remember that children of necessity have playmates and schoolmates, and a story that is attractive will find readers among children from avenues as well as from alleys. One way to counteract this evil, which we

A New 'Messenger' Premium.

GENTLEMEN'S SETS.

Comprising

- 1 Pair Cuff Links,
- 3 Front Studs, and
- 2 Pointer Buttons.

The Links and Studs are rolled gold plate, warranted 10 years, and are made in the celebrated one piece unbreakable style. Dull or polished finish as desired.

Will be sent postpaid and registered.

Free to 'Messenger' Subscribers for eight strictly new subscriptions at 30c each. Or for sale, postpaid, for \$1.50. Cash with order.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the descriptions they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

learn from authoritative persons is widespread, is for parents to face the danger sensibly. Don't be afraid of suspecting that your child is in danger. He is not likely to inform you of it himself. In his own heart he will respect and even admire the vigilance that does not overlook his secret shortcomings.

Again, as the child begins to read, place before him such as will attract and entertain without harm. Simply to prohibit evil without putting anything in its places is a poor way of doing good. A family reading circle, which has as its centre the family altar, is a strong bulwark. When one is used to sharing good with others he is ashamed of partaking of evil in secret. The singing of sacred and other uplifting songs in the family is also an attraction to the young and an influence not to be overlooked. Give the hungry young minds food that will make pure thoughts, and create right tastes, and with due watchfulness great dangers may be avoided.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Philosophy of Flannels.

'All the year round flannels are shrinking,' and why?

What is 'shrinkage,' really?

It is a twisting of the fibre of one woollen thread with the fibre of another, much the same as two 'burs' interlace, when pressed together.

When flannels are wet, the fibres soften and separate from their special thread; and the more they are 'rubbed' the more the fibres are loosened, and then in the rubbing, twisted into all the other fibres next them; by the time they have been handled enough to cleanse them, and have been wrung by hand or pressed through the wringer, these short fibres are all massed together, and if allowed to dry together, the flannel is 'fulled' or thickened, and stretching soon tears them.

Stretch them thoroughly, while wet, and the fibres separate easily. Place both hands in a wet vest sleeve (if not already 'fulled,' if so patience and repeated proper washings will help the situation,) and it will stretch easily to its full size. Do the same with the body, and with legs of drawers.

Stretch flannel skirts widthwise of each breadth.

The next 'bad philosophy,' is to dampen flannels and dry under a hot sad-iron. The heat coaxes out the fibres and the pressure 'mats' them together, and here the flannels are 'fulled' again. I've tried all ways, hot and cold water, and the same temperature

BABY'S OWN SOAP

BULBS

50 for 25 cents.
Gladstons, Canans, Oxalls
Tuberoses, with directions.
W. RENNIE, Toronto.



YOUR NAME neatly printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed, Envelope Verse, Floral, &c., Cards. This gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

of waters, so highly recommended, and still my flannels are shrinking each week,' someone says. Now try the stretching so well recommended, and do not iron at all; stretch again when taken into the house, fold neatly, and if very particular about the smoothness, place a board over them with weights upon it, as all wise people do in drying blankets.—Sara M. C. Aldrich in New York 'Observer.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'